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Chapter 1 by Sam Morse

As it turns out, a crowded New York street during rush hour is not the best place to make a get away. But the shadow mangaed.

He shoved his way through the people, pushing them into the walls or worse, into the busy street. At least traffic was at a standstill.

I was beginning to gain on him, covering ground when he slammed into a group of elderly women. Effective roadblock, until he shoved one to the ground with a smirk.

I felt awful that i didn't stop to help the poor woman off the ground, but i had a supervillain to catch.

The advantage, home court. I knew every back ally shortcut in this town. How else would i have gotten to school on time every day. I certainly wasn't going to wake up earlier, so i had to get creative.

Luckily, the Shadow didn't. The poor sap was all turned around, lost like a puppy in the rain. He turned down a dead end ally, where drug deals and coat hanger abortions go down after nightfall. The only thing going down now; a sweet arrest, sure to restore my honor with the team. With Samantha.

I tore into the ally, skidding to a stop into a puddle of i don't even want to know what. There he was, but rather than frantically searching for an exit, he stood square, shoulders hunched. I could just feel the smirk under that mask. It made me want to punch it off his face.

Before i got the chance, company came. He brought backup. Not as lost as i thought.

"Shit."

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